

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Phony Rappers"

*[Intro: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]*

Phony rappers who do not write  
Phony rappers who do not excite  
Phony rappers, check it out, aight

*[Verse One: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]*

Yo, I was riding the train  
And this Puerto Rican kid said simple and plain  
Let's battle  
It kinda took me by surprised  
Cuz the brother was moving wit his eyes on the prize  
I said screw it, I ain't got nuttin to lose but um  
But I got to do this shit real quick so um  
Hurry up kid, bust your joints and then I'll bust mine  
And I be out cuz I got to see this hottie, he said ok  
Now check it, check it out, blah, blah, blah, blah, that's what he said  
Then I came back and just fucked up his head  
Cuz yo, he thought an MC who was seen on TV  
Couldn't hold the shit down in New York City  
Aiyyo, I showed his ass, then I went off on my task  
To bless her ass Uptown, real MC's will hold it down  
Yea, yea, sonny, to the beat like that  
You wanna bring it to me, where you at

*[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]*

Yes, dread, I had a similiar situation  
When this kid tried to tell me I didn't deserve my occupation  
He said I wasn't shit that I was soon to fall  
I looked him up and down, grab my crotch and said balls  
Of course he tried to bring it on the battling tip  
Ay, you know me, you know I had to come out my shit  
Trying to lounge at the mall, meet Skef and Mr Walton  
Finally I banged his ass wit the verbal assault  
He said a rhyme about his .45 and his nickelbags of weed  
That's when I preceeded to give him what he needed  
Talking 'bout I need a Phillie right before I get loose  
Poor excuse, money please, i get loose off of orange juice  
Preferly Minute Maid cuz that's exactly what it takes  
To write a rhyme, huh, to school your nickels and your dimes  
Because an MC like me be on TV  
Don't mean I can't hold my shit down in NYC

Phony rappers who do not write  
Phony rappers who do not excite

Phony rappers, you know they type  
Phony rappers, check it

*[Verse Three: Phife, Consequence]*

It seems there's a sanitation, y'all full of thrash talker  
Sounding good but money can you feed the dog hawker  
Talking 'bout your mic days and your breakdancing  
Not enhancing, you sound tired  
Oh, shit, I didn't know you like to play yourself in front'cha friends  
Sitting there, lying to no end  
MC's for me make things happening  
Talk about a world but in a form of rapping  
Who will be the captain of this ship  
If it goes down, don't you know you have to go wit it  
Just because you rhyme for a couple of weeks  
Doesn't mean that you've reach the MC's peak  
Let me stop sounding all bitter  
Ghetto child, never be a quitter  
But don't be a phony in the litter  
Take it as a letter from the better  
Take it from a man who used to rhyme in busted ass jetta's

*[C:]* Yo, Phife, you need a condom

*[P:]* Word to God, mess around

I catch Aids from Mc's being on my nuts too hard

*[C:]* Cuz on my blvd you better bring your bodyguard

*[P:]* And what's your blvd

*[C:]* LP, I represent naturally

*[P:]* So don't step on the roly if you know that you're phony

Or else I bend that ass like elbow macaroni

Cuz I gotta keep it real (gotta keep it real)

A Tribe Called Quest, you see we never half step

*[C:]* (So on your mark) get ready, MC's be jetti

Me and Phife be on ya like Veronica and Betty

Archie, Jughead, snuffing Mc's

From Brainslane down to Hempstead

*[P:]* Yes 'Quence, see over

His rhyme style is older that a Chrysler car Nova

I'm wilder then the cats from Arizona

Villanova, un, un, Kentucky

Whos' the next MC stepping up to try and bust me

Bring him here and boy, will I ever let him have it

*[C:]* And when it comes to the microphone, don't even try to grab it

What?